THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

	By Carrier.	By Mail.
Daily and Sunday	per month, 65c	per year, $8.00
Daily without Sunday	" 45c	" 4.00
Evening and Sunday	" 40c	" 6.00
Evening without Sunday	" 25c	" 4.00
Sunday Bee only	" 20c	" 2.00

Send notice of change of address or irregularity in delivery to Omaha Bee, Circulation Department.

REMITTANCE

Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only 2-cent stamps taken in payment of small accounts. Personal check, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES.

Omaha—The Bee Building. Chicago—People's Gas Building.
South Omaha—2318 N St. New York—286 Fifth Ave.
Council Bluffs—14 N. Main St. St. Louis—New B'k. of Commerce.
Lincoln—Little Building. Washington—725 14th St. N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

MAY CIRCULATION

56,469 Daily—Sunday, 51,308

Average circulation for the months subscribed and sworn to by Dwight Williams, Circulation Manager.

Subscribers leaving the city should have The Bee mailed to them. Address changed as often as requested.

The spurning of German bribes in Mexico is the cruelest cut of all.

It is painfully evident that the county assessor leaped before he looked where he would land.

Now comes the drive to fill up the army, showing that life is just one thing after another these days.

Pa Rourke's boys are working more like real champions just now and fairly uphold the name of Omaha.

Yankee gunners are doing fairly well against the U-boats, even though they are working without range-finders.

Having reached Switzerland in good physical condition, it is a safe guess that King Constantine is looking up.

Kansas has raised the ante on its wheat crop by a couple of million bushels and Nebraska is coming along right behind.

It may be a trifle early, but we want to warn the weather man not to spring another Bermuda high on us like that last one.

If noise is needed to make the glorious Fourth feel like its predecessors, safety suggests hiring a squadron of motorcycles to race and explode on the highways.

Des Moines "superiority" for taking care of that cantonment evidently lost some of its potency when the War department applied the acid test of accessibility.

When lining up the fighting "J. J.s" don't forget Brigadier General John J. Coppinger, who fought his way to honorable distinction in both Europe and America.

Mexican opinion voiced in national prints foreshadows an early breaking of ground for a mission to Uncle Sam. Preparedness lends delicacy to a friendly touch.

While other cereal monarchs wobble around their thrones, King Corn holds the center of the market place, and with his magic wand draws widening circles of obeisance.

Despite the great success of Rev. Mr. Sunday in converting New York, the regular shakeup methods had to be used on the police department immediately after his "amen."

If the state's purse fails, subscriptions might be taken up to defray the cost of printing the Senate Journal. The literary merit of senatorial vote explanations alone justifies the expense.

One of the economy stunts recommended to housekeepers is to save 2 cents on each meal. That would mean a saving of $12,000 a day in Omaha. "Where there's a will there's a way."

Rear Admiral Peary is looking over St. Paul and Minneapolis in search for a site for an aviation camp. If going up in the air is an advantage, he has hit the right place the first time.

One New York coal broker who bought vast quantities of coal at $2.10 a ton sold out to the allies at $8 a ton. "They thought I was doing them a favor," he added while on witness stand. He was—doing 'em good.

Railroad statisticians renew the complaint of falling net revenue, due to increased cost of operation, equipment and taxes. Millions of people outside railroad circles, touched in the same spots, mutely extend a sympathetic hand and swap tears with the big ones. But what's the use?

Great Britain's Food Problem.

Conservation of food and price regulation marks progress in Great Britain. The spur of necessity sharpened by increasing prices is a forceful incentive to economy among the middle classes, while an aggressive campaign against gluttony among the well-to-do steadily tends toward moderation. Various phases of the problem treated in the news columns of the London Times up to the first week in June show great difficulties encountered, which are gradually yielding to the force of law and the national weal. Price fixing embraces the main food essentials from meats to cereals. Records are made of every animal slaughtered for food and the butcher's profit limited to a specified percentage above the price paid. A butcher violating the regulation is not only subject to severe penalties, but may be denied the right to purchase imported meats controlled by the board of trade. In none of the accounts on hand is mention made of a fixed price for the stockraiser. Apparently the main object of the regulations is to head off middlemen and prevent speculation in public necessities. With respect to cereals the government already has guaranteed minimum prices to farmers for this and the next three years, but regulates the profits of handlers between raisers and consumers, stipulating the weight of different sizes of bread loaves and the price of each at retail. Food products of oats and barley are price-fixed in like manner, as well as of milk from producer to consumer.

Despite the regulations and proclamations speculation in food is far from being eliminated. This is not surprising, since price fixing is a new venture in the kingdom. Business methods are not readily revolutionized and the grasping hand does not easily forget its cunning. That it is sharply curtailed is evident from the decreased number of protest meetings and the growing vigor of courts in applying penalties for violation.

Omaha and the Red Cross.

Omaha's share in raising the Red Cross $100,000,000 war fund is testimony to our people's patriotism and generosity. A week ago a mark was set for each individual of the estimated population and just as that figure is more or less indefinite, so the sum expected was not put at any fixed total. It was determined the collection should be not less than $210,000, but it has been quickly oversubscribed and actually will reach a quarter of a million.

To attain this magnificent result, with all it means as proof of the liberality of our people and their appreciative devotion to the high objective of the Red Cross, energetic and systematic work was demanded. No question was made as to Omaha's responsiveness, the task being to organize and co-ordinate the workers, that full advantage of the impulse to give might be taken. To this end the leading business men gave over their own affairs and brought their ability to the service of the great enterprise. These and the organizations that co-operated with them so effectively succeeded in awakening among the citizens a splendid sense of the quality of the work and the imperative importance of its support.

The answer is read in the total subscriptions. Omaha has its proper place among the sustainers of the Red Cross and those who worked and those who gave may alike rest with the satisfaction that comes from a good deed well done. It demonstrates that, in the bright lexicon of service to the country, there is no such word as fail.

Why King Constantine Was Deposed.

Those who attempt to compare the invasion of Belgium by the Germans with the treatment of Greece by the Allies overlook certain of the salient facts in the case. King Constantine was under treaty obligation to aid Serbia in event of that country being attacked. He was also bound by treaty to permit the passage of relief for Serbia across Grecian territory at any time. The first of these treaties he violated; the second he sought to evade. He presented himself as a menace to the Allies in their effort to aid Serbia, and when the Bulgarians appeared on his frontier he withdrew the Greek garrisons and allowed the Bulgarians to occupy strongly fortified places without resistance. Once an entire Greek army surrendered without firing a shot, and the Germans guffawed at the joke of "kidnaping" 250,000 men right under the nose of General Serrail.

In every way Constantine showed his unneutrality, his personal preference for Germany and his willingness to assist the kaiser, even to the extent of breaking his pledged faith with Serbia, his ally in the war against the Turk and the Bulgar, who are now lined up with the German. He was false to his own people, as is proved by the votes of confidence given to Venizelos, and manifested in many ways treachery when most pretentiously asserting his desire to be let alone in peace.

Constantine's record in connection with the war does him little credit, and certainly does not warrant his being placed alongside Albert of Belgium.

Switzerland and the Russian Incident.

Switzerland is coming in for a few unpleasant moments with Entente diplomats because of its connection with the German peace offer to the Russian socialists. It is not suggested that the Swiss foreign minister was not within his rights in acting as agent for Germany in the transmission of the offer. It is the awkward way in which he went about it that has caused the trouble. Minister Hoffman is accused of having pro-German sympathies and this, together with his pronounced adherence to socialism, led him to overstep the bounds of diplomatic procedure. Instead of sending the communication to the Swiss minister, as by request of Germany, he transmitted it as an order from his home government. Odler, Swiss minister at Petrograd, followed the instructions and Grimm, socialist agent, acted on them, with the result that he was expelled from Russia. In a less delicate situation the slip of the Swiss minister might go unnoticed, but when so much hangs upon trifles the Entente representatives at Petrograd and Stockholm, at which points the disclosures were made, feel the attitude of the Swiss government should be made more plain than is indicated by the acts of Minister Hoffman. The German intrigue with the extreme socialists has been rendered harmless by exposure, but the incident shows how very necessary the utmost vigilance has become.

Fraternals Meeting the War Risk.

One of the problems in connection with the war has been the matter of life insurance. Risk incident to military service in time of war is enormously increased over the normal uncertainty of life on which rates are calculated, and insurance companies generally find here real cause for perplexity. "Old line" companies have met the condition by adding an arbitrary rate to policies in existence to cover the war risk, while declining to assume any new liability of insurance on those who are going out. Fraternal companies are confronted with similar responsibilities, and are taking steps to distribute the added cost of insurance among their policy holders on a basis that will be equitable and yet produce a sum adequate to discharge emergency liabilities. This move is prudent, for the societies could not afford to be placed in the position of discouraging service by repudiating or suspending the insurance of members who join army or navy, and it is just, because it places the added burden on the entire membership, and gives the man who stays at home an opportunity to do his share by paying for the man who goes out to risk his life for the nation. The patriotism of the "fraternals," never in question, is strongly asserted by this movement.

Hollowness of "Titles."

Another American girl, wedded to a titled foreigner, has been disillusioned by sad experience, and liberated by the court from an unwelcomed bond. Lured by the glittering prospect of the position of wife of a "nobleman," she had full opportunity to test its emptiness and to repent. Hers is not the first case of the kind on record, and the lesson of each is the same. The king of England is requiring all members of his family to divest themselves of German titles of rank or position. While this is a "war" measure, perhaps, it amounts to a royal admission of the meaninglessness of these labels of distinction and is suggestive of what may follow. The recasting of social divisions after the war will probably be along lines that have nothing to do with traditions of hereditary rulers or privileged nobility. A world in which merit alone will lift a man above his fellows looms just ahead, for the transmission of wealth and power must be subject to a standard of desert and ability in a society wherein the principles of democracy control human relations

Views, Reviews and Interviews

By Victor Rosewater

THOUGH without designing to do so, our Nebraska editors certainly picked a strenuous week for their get-together meeting in Omaha so far as enforcing their claim to the undivided attention of their host is concerned. But newspaper people understand the exigencies of unforeseeable events and the regular program arranged for them was so full of good things that I know they did not feel the lack of any extras. I am sure they would rather be in Omaha and find everything here moving so fast that they have to speed up to keep abreast of the procession than to see us loafing on the job with time hanging heavy on our hands. Nebraska editors, like other Nebraska people, enjoy coming to Omaha for meetings of this kind, because they know their entertainment will be fully provided for and at the same time will not be overdone, and, as a consequence of such visits, the reciprocal feeling between the metropolis and the folks out in the state is today much more cordial and sympathetic than it has ever been heretofore.

The special treat of the meeting disclosed itself in the presence and participation of two headliners invited as guests from abroad—Herman Black, publisher of the Chicago American, and Walter Williams, dean of the pioneer successful School of Journalism in this country, the school attached to the University of Missouri at Columbia, of which, by the way, the president, Dr. A. Ross Hill, is an old Nebraska man. It was the personality of these men and association with them, even for so brief a period, as much as their talks, that must have offered inspiration to the men and women engaged in printing dailies and weeklies and uplifting the standards of the fourth estate in the cities and towns throughout Nebraska, and in this way enabled to keep in touch with the deeper currents of journalism.

While here, Herman Black looked up a number of old friends whose acquaintance dates back to the days when he was our fellow townsman, for, be it known, he was a resident of Omaha in the middle '80s and traveled all through this section of the country as a dealer in butchers' supplies, which was also the business he set up in when he first located in Milwaukee. His rise in the newspaper world reads like a romance, because it was but a chance turn that put him in charge of the Milwaukee Journal, with which he made good right from the start. He has never had any experience with the editorial side of the paper, but on the subject of advertising, which was the topic he talked about, no one is better versed. It was his success in "producing" in the Milwaukee field that convinced Hearst that Herman Black was the man cut out for the Chicago job and he was so sure he wanted him that a five-year engagement at a magnificent salary, as newspaper salaries run, was the outcome and it is understood that the results have satisfied both with the bargain.

In Walter Williams is presented the type of trained journalist, a student of affairs, the analytical mind coupled with the power of quick repartee, the driving force of the daily battle of the composing room, softened by the tincture of university culture. I have myself been down to Columbia and have seen how the Williams plan of teaching journalism works and it is eminently practical as well as theoretical. Dean Williams found the connecting link to couple up his school with the newspapers of Missouri, for whose benefit it is supposed to be principally maintained, by holding a "field week" once a year in the nature of an institute of journalism. This makes the university the clearing house for all that is going on among the newspapers of that state. Dean Williams also bumped into old-time friends here, former comrades in journalism in Missouri, such as Mr. Reeves of The Bee and Mr. Parrish of the publicity bureau. The newspaper profession is wonderfully cosmopolitan—more than that, it touches elbows with practically every other profession or line of work.

This afternoon I am to serve as pallbearer for the funeral of Mrs. Harry P. Deuel, who has died after a lingering illness. I wish I could pay a fitting tribute to the memory of this good woman, whose kindliness, unselfish devotion to others, patient disposition and radiating cheerfulness could scarcely have a counterpart. From my infancy Mrs. Deuel has been almost a second mother, an across-the-street neighbor for years and then only two blocks off. When she lived in the cottage where the court house now stands she used to keep a jar of cookies constantly accessible for us children to help ourselves, and afterwards, being much closer to the school building, we could stop in at her house in stormy weather to get something to eat instead of going all the way home. Her little benefactions were countless and never exploited. No trouble was too great for her to go to to help relieve distress or comfort sorrow and I do not believe she ever knowingly offended anyone. She always kept exceptionally well posted on what was doing and was a mine of information about people and events of the early days in Omaha. I remember that when I wanted an article written a year or two ago about the famous Omaha operetta, "Mr. Sampson of Omaha," she unearthed the libretto for me from her collection and insisted the effort was but a pleasure.

People and Events

New York's "finest" shine in some directions, but not all the time. It was a woman detective who traced the Cruger crime and uncovered the girl's grave, long after the cops quit the job and forgot it.

An amateur gardener complains of the difficulty of deciding between weeds and vegetable sprouts. The easiest way out of the dilemma is to tryout out samples in a pipe. If a sample smokes it is a weed. Smoke up!

The first outpouring of feminine bathing suits at Chicago beaches proved as fetching as a high class reinforced ballet. The censor let down the bars on all styles, and as a result the veracious press delicately remark that some of the show would curl a prophet's whiskers.

Mrs. Mary Smith, a grayhaired widow of a St. Louis suburb, brought her little store to a bank for investment in Liberty bonds. "I am sorry it is not more; my country can have it all." A fine spirit of patriotism, but hardly approaches the spirit of sacrifice shown by an Omaha family which turned into the Red Cross fund a Liberty bond bought on the installment plan and representing the family savings.

Somebody rocked the boat in Oyster bay and Mrs. Ray Hyman, New York's woman "banker" dropped $8,000; the bank's cash balance, in the cruel waters. Banker Hyman worked a get-rich-quick scheme, a sure thing good for 50 per cent a month on the quiet. As soon as the federal authorities caught on Mrs. Hyman took to motor boating and the cash vanished. "Believe me," she whispered to the sleuths, "I feel quite upset."

When New Yorkers swept up the hatpins and other fragments of the so-called anti-craft riot, precious little cause for the ruction could be found. The petition to the mayor, the attempted delivery of which started the trouble, had only three names attached and was a protest against a state census of men of military age, with which the mayor nothing to do. The pretext served the purpose of misleading others into a demonstration which ended in a collision with police clubs.

Governor Burnquist of Minnesota has ordered an investigation into conditions in the northern copper camps, where the Industrial Workers of the World agitators exercise autocratic power over labor. Refusing to work themselves they bulldoze workmen into idleness and create a reign of terror. The situation also calls for the strong arm of federal authority, inasmuch as the agitators defy registration and think they are bigger than state and federal power. Under these circumstances there is need of asserting authority with convincing vigor.

TODAY

Proverb for the Day.

Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

One Year Ago Today in the War.

Russians captured city of Kuty in Galicia.

British began attack on German positions along entire British front.

Rome reported the Austrians in general retreat before the Italian offensive in Trentino.

In Omaha Thirty Years Ago.

The Omaha High school graduating exercises took place at Boyd's theater, the following young people receiving diplomas: John Ahlquist, Mabel Balcombe, Iowa Ball, Nellie Bauserman, Amelia Blumve, Harry L. Bowner, J. W. Broatch, Belle L. Cox, Augustus K. Detweiler, Rose Donahue, Emily Dorn, Enoch J. Ellison, Jeannette B. Gibbs, Clara Griffis, I. Harris, Carrie House, Bertha Leisenring, Mary Ludington, Anna McCague, Nelis Moyer, Ben Nelson, M. Alta Peacock, Victor Rosewater, Sadie Schlesinger, Lou Shropshire, Leonard C. Strang, Vena Wells, Etta Whitney and Minnie Woodman.

McDonald, the charioteer, with his two chariots and eight horses, has arrived to take part in the great races on the Fourth of July.

Mrs. J. B. Hunter gave a lawn sociable at her residence, corner Park avenue and Mount Pleasant street, for the benefit of the Hanscom Park Methodist Episcopal church.

Mrs. I. Brown, wife of the Douglas street furniture dealer, has received news of the death of her mother and brother in Berlin.

Rev. L. A. Lamar of the First Baptist church, corner Fifteenth and Davenport, gave a talk on the subject of "Prohibition."

Governor Thayer visited Creighton college for the first time and expressed himself as remarkably pleased with the equipment of that free institution of learning and with the reception given him.

F. T. Mittauer, A. C. Joliffe, C. W. Mounton and W. E. Coombs have returned from a pleasant vacation at Spirit Lake, Ia. They made the long journey on their 'cycles and their experiences en route going and coming were many and varied.

This Day in History.

1753—General William Hull, who was court-martialed and sentenced to death for the failure of his expedition against Canada in the war of 1812, and subsequently pardoned, born at Derby, Conn. Died at Newton, Mass., November 29, 1825.

1797—Congress, in view of the threatening relations with France, authorized the president to raise 80,000 militia for three months.

1817—Thomas McKean, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, died in Philadelphia. Born at Londonderry, Pa., March 19, 1734.

1820—President Madison, General Jackson and others entered in Louisville by the Free Masons.

1853—The French and Sardinians defeated the Austrians at Solferino.

1867—General Custer lost sixty men in a fight with the Indians near the headwaters of the Republican river.

1894—President Carnot of France, while visiting in Lyons, was stabbed by an anarchist and died the following day.

1897—Celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of Newfoundland.

1898—Americans lost thirty-four killed and the Spanish 265 in the attack on Santiago.

1915—United States renewed demands on Germany in the Frye case.

The Day We Celebrate.

J. P. Guth was born in Wurtemberg, Germany just fifty-five years ago today. He is an architect and has erected many of the most prominent buildings of this city and of the state.

Stanley M. Rosewater was born right here in Omaha just thirty-two years ago today. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan law school, and a son of the late city engineer, Andrew Rosewater.

Charles Dorsey Armstrong is just 41 today. He was born in Jeffersonville, Ind., and is now engaged in the real estate and insurance business here, operating under the name of the Armstrong-Walsh company.

Edwin St. J. Greble, one of the new brigadier generals of the United States army, born in New York fifty-eight years ago today.

Major Francis Le J. Parker, member of the general staff of the United States army, born in South Carolina forty-four years ago today.

Lieutenant General Frederick S. Maude, recently honored by King George for distinguished services as commander of the British forces in Mesopotamia, born fifty-three years ago today.

Prince George of Greece, eldest brother of ex-King Constantine and uncle of King Alexander, born in Athens forty-eight years ago today.

John Q. Wood, recently consul of the United States at Chemnitz, Germany, born at Bucksport, Me., fifty years ago today.

George von L. Meyer, former secretary of the navy of the United States, born in Boston fifty-nine years ago today.

Timely Jotting and Reminders.

This is Midsummer day.

The northern Baptist convention has designated today as memorial day for the late Rev. Henry L. Moorehouse, corresponding secretary of the Home Mission society of the Baptist denomination for many years.

The southern Baptist convention has set apart today as Christian Education day, and for the first time in its history is calling on Baptist Sunday schools of the south for co-operation in supporting Baptist educational institutions.

The supreme board of directors of the Knights of Columbus is to meet in Detroit today to complete arrangements for raising a $500,000 fund to establish Catholic social centers in American military camps and cantonments.

The proposed establishment of an independent Jewish republic in Palestine, with Jerusalem as its capital, is the subject to be considered at the twentieth annual convention of the Federation of American Zionists, meeting today in Baltimore.

Storyette of the Day.

An editor, apropos of William Dean Howells' eightieth birthday, said:

"Mr. Howells is as modest as he is gifted. His publisher once showed him a sketch for a prospectus that praised him warmly. Mr. Howells drew his pencil through certain overwarm adjectives, and said that they made him feel like the young widow.

"A young widow, he explained, had carved on her husband's tombstone when he died:

"'Sacred to the memory of John Doe, who departed this life in the fifty-seventh year of his age, bitterly regretting that he must leave the most beautiful and best of wives!'"—Philadelphia Bulletin

AROUND THE CITIES.

The garbage question persists in worrying St. Louis city dads.

St. Paul proposes to spend $3,000,000 in five years in building new schools and repairing faulty buildings.

New York's municipal machine cost $88,884,191.41 to run in good order during the first quarter of the year. Income exceeded the outgo by $17,000,000.

A bunch of Chicago joyriders homeward bound from Niles, Mich., filled with enthusiasm and things, ditched three men and jolted two women. Eight persons escaped uninjured from the scrap piles.

St. Joe's council of the national defense advises bakeries to cut out the practice of taking back unsold loaves, limit delivery to actual demand and pass the saving to the consumer in larger loaves. Do you get that?

The freakish Missouri switched around a fine farm near Sioux City and shunted the owner, Frank Malloy, his real estate and belongings on the Nebraska side. Frank kicks about the change, but the river doesn't talk back, merely murmuring muddily as it rolls on.

The grand jury of St. Louis continues poking its probe into the political mess compounded by the state legislature last winter. Having trailed a police shakedown of $13,000 to Jefferson City, where it served as a booster for a wage raise, the jury wants to know who got the swag which failed to pull through a certain medical law.

After a school war of moderate proportions carried on for a year, the school board of Chicago surrendered and restored to the active list some sixty teachers suspended for alleged political activity in boosting for favorable laws in the state legislature. Scarcely had this action calmed the education waters when the mayor's political ax descended on several members and started reddened waves of indignation.

Out in Salt Lake City recruiting officers are giving the yellow hoot to the heroes of the pink slip. One university student who sought the tag of rejection passed through the preliminaries all right, but complained of various ailments to the doctors. As the latter failed to find any physical trouble, the student saved himself from serving his country by refusing to take the oath. He got the yellow cross and jeers for a block.

Drydale is a Missouri border boozery within hiking distance of Fort Leavenworth. Three saloons and twelve barred houses comprise the visible business of the town. In defiance of official Kansas Drydale ladies out the juice to all comers, and is especially hospitable to the jaded and thirsty pilgrims from Kansas. Missouri officialdom, failing to move against Drydale, an appeal has been made to Washington to save Kansas from the imps of evil just over the line.

JUNE TIME.

June with her smiles and sunny skies,
With roses all around,
Is quite the finest month we have—
The best we've ever found.
It lends but pleasure to the eye,
With fishing time in view.
It also brings to mind the days
Back home with mother, too.

June is the month when robins sing
Unto their lady love,
While resting in the cherry trees
Placed here by God above.
It also brings back mem-o-ries
When we'd wade in the pool,
With knickerbockers-patched at knee,
As we'd prance home from school.

Oh, gee! but those were happy days
In June time years ago.
It makes me feel like crying now,
Because I loved them so.
In fancy I can hear the frogs
Croak in the old pond there.
June brings so many things to mind,
With which none can compare.

The water bucket on the shelf
Was also dear to me;
And in the yard the worn old well
In fancy I can see.
The dear old organ in the hall
Sweet tones did give to all.
It brings a tear drop to my eye
When this I do recall.

The kitchen chairs, so restful, too,
Are in my mind today;
Also the home-made quilts so warm
Are memories dear alway.
When shades of night around me fall
And stars peep out o'er head,
My thoughts they wander back again
To those I loved now dead.

Oh, June time, you bring many thoughts
Into my mind again;
Some touched with pleasure, some with care,
And others pressed with pain.
Still, I feel happy when you're here,
And welcome you each time.
God bless you, blessed month o' June,
To me thou art divine.

Omaha. —LEONARD L. KELLY.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

"My wife finds our portable house quite a convenience."

"Eh?"

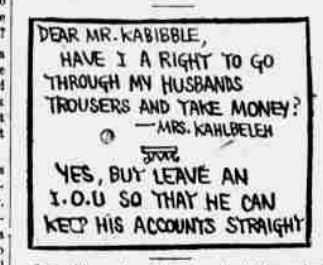
"We have to turn it around for her to face the sunset and again so that she can see the sunrise when she feels inclined."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Church—Isn't it frightful what the speculators are making out of potatoes?"

Gotham—Well, there are others. See what the tunnel people are making out of tubers?—Yonkers Statesman.

"Personal rights are not enough insisted upon," said the social philosopher. "For example, why cannot every man, if so inclined, be master in his own house?"

"Because," replied Benedict, the married man, "his wife won't let him."—Baltimore American.



Jess—She got mad and asked him what he meant by kissing her.

Bess—Not exactly. She asked him—and he said he didn't mean anything—and then she got mad.—Judge.

"How's your motor-car behaving?"

"Well," replied Mr. Chuggins, "the way it uses gasoline shows that while it may be weak in spots, its appetite is all right."—Washington Star.

Mother—That young man of yours is simply impossible. He doesn't like Shaw; he doesn't like Ibsen; he doesn't like Galsworthy. Whom does he like?

Daughter (demurely)—Me.—Boston Transcript.

Uncle Ezra—What would you do if you saw an army of Germans coming across your field yonder?

Uncle Eben—Do? I'd have Ep Hoskins, the constable, arrest the whole durn bunch for trespassing, and I think any court in the country would back me up.—Life.

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